

# PAN

**a magazine  
about  
boy~love**

## NEWS

Sydney, London,  
Los Angeles, Paris

## THE PAEDOPHILE PERSONALITY

by Dr. Frits Bernard

## MAMA SAY

a story by Casimir Dukahz

Poems by Hakim

## BOOKS

*Paedophilia, the  
Radical Case; Coming  
of Age Rites; Kevin*

## ALCIBIADES

by Dr. E. Brongersma

## THE BATTLE LINE

Greedy Moms

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on p.2**

number 7

## **N.B.**

***PAN* and, as of issue 13, *P.A.N. (Paedo Alert News)* contained a number of photographs unrelated to the text material, included as artistic content (dependent, of course, on the "eye of the beholder") illustrating the beauty and grace of boyhood. There was never nudity, and all photographs were strictly legal by standards in operation at the time of publication, as well as today.**

**Some of the photographers were professional, some amateur, and likewise for the models. Photographs that were related to the articles in most cases have been included here. To respect privacy and because of unknown copyright status of the individual photographs, illustrations not related to the text have been deleted from these Web copies of *PAN*.**

**Exceptions have been made, and noted where appropriate, for photographs that are part of the public record; for which permission to publish has been obtained; or that previously have been published elsewhere on the Web, for example, at anti-paedophile Web sites.**

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# PAN

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# IN BRIEF...

PARIS Election and Pope fever in Paris have recently led to some nasty retrenching of French politicians into their (literally) fascist positions with respect to homosexuality and paedophilia. Between the time of the French Revolution nearly two centuries ago and the coming of the Nazis there were no anti-gay or anti-boy-love laws on the books in France. In 1940 the puppet Vichy regime of Pétain introduced the infamous *Article 331* which criminalised for the first time in over a century and a half sexual relations involving persons under 18 (and doubling the required prison sentences where a man and a boy were involved); this same law was later affirmed and supported by the great anti-Nazi resistance leader and father of post-war France, Charles de Gaulle. Three years ago the French National Assembly further strengthened the government's homophobic slant by officially classifying homosexuality as a "social disease". Last 16 October attempts to scrap Article 331 were finally defeated when the Senate, reversing two previous votes in favour of reform and after only a few minutes discussion, decided to allow the Vichy law to stand. One week later 2000 furious gays marched in Paris in protest, a rare affirmation by the French homosexual community of the rights and aims of boy-lovers. Among the signatories of a petition circulated by the gays at the time were film actor Yves Montand and writer Jules Aragon.

SAN FRANCISCO, USA America's biggest gay newspaper, *Advocate*, has broken its silence of nearly a decade over paedophilia. In an exceptionally sensitive, intelligent and readable two-part feature

series, writer (Ms) Pat Califia sketches the history of the great kiddie porn panic of 1977-78 and its aftermath and then goes on to discuss the various issues involved in man-boy sex. Along the way she roasts the feet of such American unlovelies as "Jingle Bells Judy" Densen-Gerber and Los Angeles cop Lloyd Martin. The series is a remarkable turn-about for *Advocate* which ever since David Goodstein became president of its parent publishing company had not only turned its back on boy-lovers but was actively hostile to them.

An example of *Advocate's* complicity in the persecution of paedophiles was the case of "John", a wealthy, successful technical man living on the East coast, married, but a boy-lover with a 12-year-old friend on the side. Unfortunately John was also into photographing the youngster in the nude and in 1979 answered an *Advocate* advertisement by a photo lab which claimed it would develop and print "everything, no questions asked." What John didn't know was that this same lab was working with Los Angeles cop Lloyd Martin, who received a duplicate set of John's prints and shipped them off to John's local police chief. The upshot was that John served 9 months in jail, was divorced by his wife, "who took the house, the pool, the cars, the kids, the coin collection, the cats, the TV sets, you name it," as one of his friends told PAN, lost his job and was unable to find another in the same highly technical industry for which he was trained, and had to begin all over again — washing dishes in a restaurant. When he emerged from prison he wrote to the photo lab and asked (like so many boy-lovers he is too nice a guy for his own good) why, if they were going to turn boy sex photos over to Lloyd Mar-

tin, they had not indicated this in their ad. He received an explanation of sorts: the lab had not brought its ad-copy up to date to reflect recent changes in the law (the Kildee-Murphy legislation had just been rammed through congress) and regretted any "inconvenience" its action may have caused! As far as we know, *Advocate* never disciplined the photo lab, and we would have to warn all American boy-lovers to have nothing to do with any photo processing concerns which advertise in this newspaper. Once bitten...

SOURCES: *Advocate*, Nos. 303 & 304, 16 & 30 Oct, 1980.

WASHINGTON, USA Maryland congressman (Republican) Robert E. Bauman seemed to be just the kind of person Moral Majority thinks should make the world go round; in fact he was their most powerful spokesman in the US legislature. Married, father of four children, arch-conservative, he laboured ceaselessly to persecute gays and others whose sex lives were the least bit unusual. For example, according to columnist Jimmy Breslin, a fellow congressman who was always having trouble with the women in his life once criticized Bauman for not knowing much about foreign affairs. Bauman jumped to his feet and said, "You seem to have some trouble with your own affairs," and sat down with a smug smile on his face. A few minutes later, when Edward Kennedy's name was mentioned, he said, and repeated with the same self-satisfied smirk, "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," a hoary sick joke referring to the Chappaquidick scandal in which a car piloted by Kennedy plunged late at night off a bridge drowning a young girl. Last July Bauman was co-sponsor of a bill that would prohibit Legal Services Corporation from using any funds for the defence of homosexuals and until recently he had worked for a proposed amendment which would allow employers to fire homosexuals, prohibit the government from enforcing anti-discrimination measures where homosexuals were involved and deny government funds to all organizations which "support homosexuality". In short he appeared to

BOSTON, USA Another attempt here to set up a "child molester hotline" by the county district attorney was quashed by the quick action of *Gay Community News*. last August. Suffolk County DA Newman Flanagan, in the midst of election fever, cut a series of "public service" radio spots which were to be aired over local stations. One of them began, "Have any of your children told you that they received candy, money or gifts from someone...?" It goes on, with DA Flanagan now speaking, "My office is determined to crack down on child molesters. If you suspect that someone has molested your child you should report it immediately to your local police department," and he promises that his staff "will guide you and your child in court proceedings with dignity." Well, now, Boston gays and boy-lovers didn't want to tell Flanagan he was a bare-faced liar, but in the infamous "Revere sex ring" cases, one of the boys, after testifying before a grand jury, wanted out. The police and DA then coerced his weak-willed mother into signing over custody of the kid to them, whereupon he was locked up in a youth prison until he could testify at the trial of one of the defendants. (Perhaps we are being unfair to the good DA and this sort of thing falls well within community concepts of "guidance" with "dignity".) At any rate someone in the gay community heard the spot, reported it to *GCN* and reporter Mitzel went to work. He called the DA's office and talked with the PR man, who expressed surprise that gays would oppose the DA's crackdown. He denied, however, that "child molesters" was being used as a code word for gay paedophiles and refused to release a copy of the transcript of the tape to the gay press. *GCN* called the various local radio stations and finally embarrassed at least one of them into not running the spots "because we wouldn't want to get caught up in that controversy."

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be just the sort of person who would end up top dog in Jerry Falwell's heaven.

What Bauman wasn't telling us, however, was that he was a closet homosexual paedophile himself who cruised the gay bars and parks in Washington during off hours picking up teenage hustlers. Finally last autumn he was found out: a 16-year-old rent boy tried to blackmail him after he paid the boy \$50 to let him go down on him and somehow the FBI, now deeply involved "investigating" kiddie-porn, became involved. It seems Bauman had won an early release of the boy's brother from the Navy, but that wasn't enough and the boy was trying to extort an additional \$2,000 from the congressman. For any lesser man the sequel to his subsequent arrest would have been a year or two in prison, but Bauman somehow got off with a suspended sentence and a six-month rehabilitation programme for...alcoholism!

SOURCES: *New York Post*, 4 Oct, 1980; *Daily News*, 5 Oct, 1980; *The Plain Dealer*, 12 Oct, 1980

WASHINGTON, USA The autumn's most intriguing quote comes from none other

than Moral Majority's TV (that's for television, not transvestite) evangelist, Jerry Falwell. Denying that, in his support of legislation against abortion and homosexuals and in support of the enforced use of Christian prayer in the nation's schools, he was attempting to dictate national morality, he stated, "We're not trying to jam our moral philosophy down the throats of others. We're simply trying to keep others from jamming their amoral philosophies down our throats."

SOURCE: *The Washington Post*, 13 Oct, 1980

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND As England drifts more and more into moral reaction and homophobia, Scotland, traditionally more Puritan than its neighbour to the south, has recently been moving in the opposite direction. This summer Scotland passed legislation which makes it the most liberal land in the United Kingdom with respect to homosexual contacts and the Scottish Homosexual Rights Group has become increasingly vocal, involving itself deeply in the famous "Saunders case" (A Scottish handyman was fired from a boys' camp because the powers-that-be were informed that he might be gay.) and, now, sponsoring a one-day workshop on paedophilia. Roger Moody (see PAN 5, page 15) was invited to be one of the guest speakers at the October 16th symposium, together with a 16-year-old by the name of Willie Waugh who, unfortunately in the event was ill and could not attend. "Paedophilia shouldn't be divorced from the whole question of sexual liberty," said John Hughes, conveyor of the Edinburgh group. At the workshop meeting Moody said that the inequality of power in an adult-child relationship had to be redressed through a radical advance in the effective rights of children, including their right to have sex with anyone of their choice. Half of those in attendance were women, many of whom felt that paedophilia was simply about men attempting to widen their sexual freedom at the expense of others. Bob Orr, secretary of the Edinburgh Scottish Homosexual Rights Group, said that the

value of a paedophile relationship depended upon whether the older partner acted to break down or reinforce the assumption of adult control.

SOURCE: *Gay News*, Oct 2-15, 16-29 & 27 Nov-10 Dec, 1980.

ENGLAND The UK's dreadful newspapers have caused one more boy-lover to take his own life. A 32-year-old Wymondham, Norfolk resident by the name of Trevor Nelson was arrested recently in London for walking up behind a 16-year-old boy and putting his hand on him. The boy struck Nelson, ran to the police and the man was arrested less than an hour later. Although the court hearing was in London the Norwich *Eastern Evening News* printed a story on it in full detail. "I do not know he saw it," said Trevor Nelson's father about the newspaper's cause of his son's death, "but I put my life on it that he did. That's why he did it." A friend of the dead man, Tom Hicks, said, "Somehow I cannot imagine Mr. Nelson going up behind a boy and putting his hand on the boy's buttocks. Mr. Nelson was a shy man, not prone to such displays of public affection. Is there any way of stopping these 'family' newspapers printing stories of events outside their area which serve only to fill the paper and knowingly hurt a local inhabitant? They refuse over and over again to advertise any sort of gay event, telling us that their readership would not like to read about 'such things'. When scurrilous articles appear, such as this one, ruining a gentle, kind, harmless man's reputation, their hypocrisy is shown up for what it is." The same week saw the suicide of a second English boy-lover, this one the headmaster of a Church of England primary school at Heskin, Lancashire. He had been accused of sexual contacts with school children in his charge on a weeked trip to the Lake District. Another headmaster, Alan Cowley, 56, of Greenhill Middle School, Leeds, got off only with being beaten up in the courtroom by an irate father after sentence was passed on him of one year's incarceration in a mental hospital for sexual contacts with two eight year old boys. According to medical

reports he was suffering from a "depressing illness", in the words of London's gutter journal *News of the World*, and was "anxious to be given any medical treatment prescribed."

SOURCES: *Gay News*, 16-29 Oct, 1980 & *News of the World*, 31 Aug, 1980.

NEW YORK, USA Two books of interest to boy-lovers of quite opposite slant have recently been published here. *Guardians of the Flutes*, by Stanford University anthropology professor Gilbert H. Herdt (McGraw-Hill, \$17.95) concerns the homosexual warrior cults of the Sambia people of Papua New Guinea. It seems Sambian boys are taken from their mothers at around 8 or 9 and in the following years participate in elaborate homosexual initiation ceremonies. Attaining maturity, they marry and are heterosexual for the rest of their lives. *Publishers Weekly* comments that many readers "will not be surprised by his finding that early homosexual relations are experienced as pleasurable among Sam-

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bian males without altering their later heterosexual development." But what's good for the Sambians is pure hell for the American child, it seems. In the same magazine a notice of Florence Rush's *The Best Kept Secret: Sexual Abuse of Children* (Prentice Hall, \$11.95) flatly states, "The sexual abuse of children is finally receiving publicity and Rush's book is additional ammunition against the crime." (*Finally? Where were they in the last four years?*) The book is standard feminist fare: all sex between minors and adults is bad because there can be no "equality" between the partners, but, according to the reviewer, Rush doesn't go far enough because "she rather underestimates the harm done to small boys who are sexually abused. Otherwise, this text is a forceful depiction of an atrocity" which seems to be caused by females being considered property, by pornogra-

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phy, modern advertising and "all media". Well, now... What is the solution? "The war on paedophilia, Rush asserts, requires a change in social conditioning."

SOURCES: *Publishers Weekly*, 29 Aug & 24 Oct, 1980; *New York Times*, 26 Oct, 1980

NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND Local boy-lovers were intrigued by a slightly mis-typed advertisement in the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* recently which ran, "BAG OF ASSORTED BOYS, £10."

SOURCE: *Punch*, 26 Nov, 1980

NEW YORK, USA The murder here of a black teacher by a 14-year-old black student who may have been his lover has attracted an unusual amount of press attention for a city where the daily quota of homicides usually ends up only as a figure in some statistical report. Victor Willis, 41, seems to have been an outstanding teacher, one of the few highly intelligent, cultured blacks in the school system who was genuinely dedicated to helping out, on a very personal basis, troubled youths in New York's most dismal ghetto. The boy, Troy Williams, product of a broken home ruled by a dyed-red-hair, domineering, Puritanical mother, more or less adopted Willis as a kind of father/big brother/friend, but around Christmas, 1979, the mother began to suspect that sex was involved in her son's friendship and she reported her suspicions to the school where Willis worked and Troy was his student. Willis was arrested, charged with committing sodomy on Troy but a grand jury acquitted him, perhaps for lack of corroborative evidence, charging him instead with endangering the welfare of a child, which is simply a misdemeanour. Strangely enough the man and boy continued to see one another and Willis continued to teach, but in June he was suspended by the school and a week before he was to face the misdemeanour charge the boy bludgeoned him to death with a baseball bat. The incident has had a chilling effect upon the embattled teachers working in the poor districts of America's wealthiest city. Given the vio-



lence of American society in general, and of the black ghettos in particular, being murdered by a troubled youth one befriends becomes a possibility which every teacher must face. "I no longer give that extra help," says a colleague of Willis. "I'll do my job to the best of my abilities. I punch my card, but that's it. I don't give students my phone number, my address, nothing." In this atmosphere, any close friendship and special rapport between a teacher and a student of the same sex is liable to be suspect, and then the peer and family pressure upon the youngster can be enormous. So American society continues to murder and imprison the very men who could do so much good in this area and award with enormous salaries, badges, promotions and public adulation its Densen-Gerbers and Lloyd Martins who, in their self-serving "crusade" to destroy sexual companionship between youths and adults, are close to the root of the problem.

SOURCE: *Daily News*, 21 October, 1980

LOS ANGELES, USA The California Assembly Criminal Justice Committee held an open meeting on Mentally Disordered Sex Offenders (MDSOs) in Cal Poly Pomona College auditorium here in mid-November which the good citizens of this sunny state did their best to turn into a vigilante rally. When James Tucker, an attorney with the American Civil Liberties Union, suggested that in a small number of cases, perhaps 1% or 2% "children have for one reason or another made up stories" accusing adults of "molestation" the crowd present sent up a groan of dissent, and when Dr. William Vicary of the USC Institute of Psychiatry, Law and Behavioral Sciences suggested that the vast majority of "child molesters" are "human beings not too different from the rest of us" the audience erupted with cat-calls and boos. The audience, it seems, had come to demand harsher treatment of paedophiles (longer sentences were necessary, said one Police Lt. Charles W. Long "to combat child exploitation and molestation). When Tucker warned against a "sentencing

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escalation war" and said that, even if we lengthened sentences "sooner or later somebody (dangerous) is going to be released unless we go to a system in which everyone is sentenced to life," he drew derisory applause and cheers from the audience, with many of the people yelling, "Yes!"

SOURCE: *Los Angeles Times*, 16 Nov, 1980

PHILIPPINES The Philippine Legislature is in the process of criminalizing sexual "corruption of minors." Article 340 of the Revised Criminal Code will be amended so that "any person who shall promote or facilitate the prostitution or corruption of minors below 21 years of age shall be punished by *prision mayor* or a 12-year imprisonment." The bill was sponsored by Assemblyman Hilario Davide, Jr., who said that the corruption of minors had reached alarming proportions in recent years. The Philippines has long been an oasis of freedom for the world-travelling boy-lover; it is tragic that the conspicuous and insensitive homosexual behaviour of European and North American paedophiles has turned this country from healthy tolerance into repression.

SOURCE: *PNA*, 26 Nov, 1980

USA Latest ploy of the US Postal sleuths in their attempts to entrap paedophiles is a string of phoney letters, supposedly from adolescent boys, to men who are known to receive kiddie porn from abroad. The letter reproduced below is typical.

July 14 1980

Dear Rick,

You sound like I would be a good friend for you. I'm 14 and start high school this fall (Boo). I like to read (except math). I don't have a father so that gives us another reason to be pals.

I'm 5'5 1/2" & weigh 108 lbs. I like to swim like camp, ect. I'm in Scouts & so is my friend Alan. We've been friends since before I went to school & real buddies for about 6 years. We do just about everything together. After school he & I workout at my house. That's lots of fun.

I think it will be fun to get to know you. So I hope to hear from you soon.

Your friend  
Bob

Bob Shaw  
Box 382  
Worth IL 60482

How anyone could be trapped by such a letter is unclear, since boys usually don't have control over post office boxes where it would be safe to receive conspiratorial replies, and the envelope it came in, giving a Worth, Illinois address, was actually posted in Connecticut! Included, incidentally, was a small photo of a handsome kid.

LONDON, ENGLAND The number of PIE defendants was reduced to four on 28 November when charges against David Grove, who is seriously ill with throat cancer, were dropped. On the same day the other four were informed that the trial was definitely going ahead on 5 January as scheduled in the Old Bailey. Three days later Geoffrey Robertson, their barrister,

author of a book on obscenity, informed them that he would not argue their case, leaving them now without senior legal representation. Most of the PIE defendants have been fired from their jobs and have thus had to go to Legal Aid in order to receive any kind of defence at all, while the prosecution has all the wealth of North Sea oil to pay for the best legal minds in Britain. The defendants are trying to get the trial postponed until they can recover from this eleventh-hour decision of Barrister Robertson to pull out — and rebuild some kind of defence strategy.

BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND The Kin-cora Boys' Hostel in East Belfast is in deep trouble and lies under threat of being closed down because of sexual incidents involving some of the boys. The matter even seems to have been raised in the House of Commons, London. Supposedly some of the kids were hustling on the side and the staff either knew about or profited from the arrangement. Kin-cora will probably cease to exist as a youth hostel and be turned into an old people's home.

SOURCE: *Social Work Today*, 29 March & 5 Aug, 1980

NEW YORK, USA *The Village Voice*, continues to be a stimulating exception to the dreariness and reaction of America's newspaper world. At the height of the infamous "Revere scandal" in Boston a couple of years ago it was the first non-gay publication to blow the whistle upon what senile DA Garrett Byrne and his cronies were up to. Thus it is rather sad to read two violently anti-paedophile feature articles in recent months. One, called *Sex on Parole*, by Richard Goldstein, tries to tie together paedophilia, pornography, feminism, gay-lib and "faggot culture" into one festering stew in which boy-love and S&M, of all things, are bound together like siamese twins. The level of this man's reasoning can be judged from the following statement, made some time later in response to an intelligent rebuttal by Tom Reeves of Boston/Boise Committee fame: "Maybe children ought to be allowed to experience their full sexual potential, no

matter where it leads; but I am not at all sure adults should." Which is about like saying airplanes may be allowed to fly in the air but places for them to land should be outlawed. In the other article, Eliot Fremont-Smith uses his considerable gifts of verbal pyrotechnics to obscure almost every real sexual issue which has come up in recent years. His marvellously funny misreading of *Kevin* (See BOOKS) is a perfect example. At the end his arch-conservative voice is unmistakable, "Pornography is not benign. It spreads, grows more vicious, incites as it excites, and affects the whole culture. And what it attacks most profoundly, eats away at, is the moral cement of a decent, possible, and civil libertarian society."

SOURCES: *The Village Voice*, 20-26 August & 15-21 October, 1980

LONDON Some time ago a group of political leftists formed an organization called Conspiracy Against Public Morals to help the Paedophile Information Exchange defendants (See PAN 3, page 6). At last, after innumerable troubles with printers, they have produced a little booklet, *Paedophilia and Public Morals*, (95p from CAPM, BM 1151, London WC1V 6XX), which gives fascinating insight into the Marxist view of things. It's politics won't be to the liking of many boy-lovers and at times it approaches the unconsciously humorous when it applies Class Struggle to the sex act between man and boy. But there is a lot here that makes exciting reading, too, especially some shocking examples of how British society is capable of perpetrating almost any kind of cruelty in the name of Morality and Normality. Of course CAPM "disagrees with PIE's politics on almost every question." The crux of PIE's mistake, it seems, was that "instead of locating the problems politically in the power structures of capitalist patriarchy, PIE had relied upon the framework of the enemy." Then, too, its publication *Magpie* was marred by "many articles of an ageist and sexist nature, treating children as sex objects and/or romantic symbols." CAPM has

attempted to bring Feminists into the pro-paedophile fold by condemning pornography, which leads to the assertion that pornography's "role in reinforcing male dominance is unquestionable and there is much evidence to suggest that its incidence can be directly correlated to that of rape," which is pure nonsense, since by far its most important function is to make masturbation fantasies a little more enjoyable for the old, the sick, the shy, the unattractive or the isolated. It is pleasant to report, however, that CAPM makes an exception of kiddie porn — provided it isn't commercial. And some of the reported responses of children to various kinds of porn are surprising.

It is nice that PIE has some support (more or less) from this quarter, but whether Campaign Against Public Morals is helping or hurting more the PIE defendants and the struggle to make paedophilia understood in Great Britain is debatable.

WEST GERMANY Boy-lovers here have very mixed feelings about a recent petition sent by Germany's two big professional sexology associations to the government in Bonn. Prof. Helmut Krentler, President of the Association for the Advancement of Social Scientific Sex Research (GFSS) and Prof. V. Sigusch, President of the German Association for Scientific Sexology (DGFS) urged the elimination of Paragraph 175, which criminalizes homosexual contacts with minors while their heterosexual counterparts remain legal. If enacted, this would effectively reduce the age of consent for man-boy relations to 16 years of age. But at the same time they pointed out that two other paragraphs (which make illegal contacts with young people under the ages of 16 and 14) protect children against infringements on their right of sexual self-determination and thus a disturbance through homosexual contacts in their sexual development. The DSAP, Germany's largest paedophile organization, voiced a violent protest against this "sacrifice of paedophiles in order to extend the rights of homophiles. Most

curious is that the petition signed by President Krentler on behalf of his organization wasn't even discussed with the other members of the board, many of whom only learned about it after the fact at a board meeting on 29 November. Within the GFSS feminist women have started actively campaigning against all forms of paedophilia.

SOURCE: *Du und Ich*, December, 1980

BOSTON, USA On 6 and 7 December the North American Man/Boy Love Association will hold its fourth conference in Boston's Arlington Street Church Parish Hall. During the morning panel on 6 December speakers will include a gay activist attorney, a gay journalist, a former inmate of an American "sex offenders" prison unit and a gay youth. Attendance is by invitation only to NAMBLA's members

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## THE UGLY PAEDOPHILE - II

Taking advantage of the recent French swing toward sexual repression, a rich paedophile dandy by the name of Guido Franco has just brought out a quickie paperback exposé entitled, rather idiotically, *Desert Patrol*, a sort of photo confessional supposedly detailing his adventures as a high-minded boy-lover in the "bordellos" and cruising grounds of the Third World. Like the editors of *Minute* (the Paris equivalent of London's *The News of the World* and America's *National Enquirer*), Franco piously claims to be horrified by all this prudence, while at the same time capitalizing upon it to titillate his readers. The writing is poor, the editing even worse, the philosophy shallow, the reporting (where PAN knows the facts) inaccurate to the point of libel and the photographs which fill the book vary from quite good to rather poor. In fact it would be of little interest to PAN were it not such a perfect demonstration that not *all* our enemies are block-headed straights, ambitious cops, crooked politicians and doctrinaire feminists. Some of them are neurotic, guilt-ridden, ego-tripping boy-lovers themselves.

Franco is reasonably well known to PAN. Born in The Netherlands, he has dual Dutch-Swiss citizenship, has a home in Geneva, a villa on Ibiza and an apartment in Paris (Quai de Grenelle 59), but he spends much of the year

travelling about the Far East in countries where boy-love is possible, checking into five-star hotels and being nasty to the servants (when they drive him to exasperation he threatens to move into a tent in the jungle). As readers of *Desert Patrol* can discover, a vacationing staff member of Spartacus bumped into him in Ceylon a couple of years ago and a not especially amicable relationship ensued. Among other things, Franco is a voyeur. On at least one occasion he photographed, with great physical excitement, sex acts between one of the European tourists and a young Sri Lankan boy. As for the non-pornographic pictures which fill the book, we understand, from more than one of his furious victims, that Franco assured everyone at the time that they were for his own home enjoyment (and that their conversations would be held in the strictest confidence). When one of his victims pointed out to him that publishing what he did was quite illegal in France, he said grandly, "Oh, yes, people could make trouble for me, but I could make a lot more trouble for them," suggesting that he will use his photos, including the porn photos, to try to blackmail his victims into silence.

Western adults are able to take care of themselves reasonably well and we understand his victims may be planning legal action (He is a tempting target because of his great wealth!). What is quite unforgivable is that Franco has used recognisable photos and

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and friends. On Sunday, 7 December, NAMBLA will mount a major demonstration in support of incarcerated boy-lovers.

NEW YORK, USA *Fallen Angel* is a Columbia TV film in the making which is supposed to be about paedophilia. Lew Hunter, its writer and producer, explains that it will not be "exploitative". It is primarily about "paedophiles, the people

who seduce children into the world of pornography." Without them, it seems, the "porno rings" in America could not flourish. The depth of understanding which Hunter has of his subject can be judged from one of his publicity releases: "Paedophiles are mentally sick men or women who are unable to handle adult relationships. So they seek out children."

[this text is continued from the coloured area of p.12]

apparently the real names of boys he thought were sexual companions of tourists, so that now the local police in Colombo and Manila will have little difficulty hunting these kids down and putting them away wherever the authorities in such lands dispose of the weak and the poor and the young when they become embarrassing.

Boy-lovers travelling the world should be on their guard against Franco. He is in his 40s, has black stringy hair and is usually in the company of a very nice looking 12-year-old whom he claims is his son (Franco isn't married) but who doesn't seem to go to school. Incredibly, there is a picture of this boy in the book, riding a horse.



*Guido Franco, author of Desert Patrol*

*Desert Patrol* is a particularly maddening phenomenon because it is undoubtedly true that the scene in many parts of the Third World is deteriorating badly. In a short period of time rough bands of prostitute boys have sprung up in many of these countries where sexual freedom has traditionally prevailed, victimizing tourists and each other and absorbing an increasing amount of police (and newspaper) attention, and if the book discourages bad behaviour by inconsiderate boy-lovers it will have served some good. More likely it will simply whet the appetites of French-reading predatory types and send them scurrying off to the nearest cut-rate travel agency to get their bit of boy-sex in the Far East before the inevitable purges begin.

One is left with a feeling of infinite regret for a good opportunity lost: with all of his money, free time and expensive camera equipment, Franco could have produced a sensitive study of the interaction between Western paedophiles and eastern boys. Instead he used his experience simply to satisfy his own voyeuristic impulses and, when he came to write the book, settled for cheap shots. All the adults in the book are seen as selfish, stupid, exploitative. All, that is, but for the author, who would have us believe he fell in love with a thirteen-year-old boy in Manila and took him back to Europe to live with him, quite chastely, as his (second) son...

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BRUSSELS, BELGIUM In PAN 6 we made an embarrassing mistake telling people that the gay Francophone Belgian society *ADEHO* had formed a paedophile workgroup and had published a distinguished essay on boy-love. The workgroup is actually sponsored by *Infor-Homosexualité*, 281 ch. d'Ixelles, 1050 Brussels and *ADEHO* was only publicising its formation and the essay in order to violently attack both. On 18 November, however, *ADEHO* Président-fondateur Josy Florek announced his resignation and it is to be hoped that *ADEHO* will in the future take a more tolerant and humanitarian view of this phenomenon.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA A new service organization for boy-lovers has just been formed in Australia but, for safety reasons, knowledge of it is being circulated only by word-of-mouth. PAN will not publish details because our magazine is seen by the likes of LA cop Lloyd Martin who, following a little routine American mail snooping, was directly responsible for the arrest and conviction recently of a Sydney boy-lover. Various gay counselling services have the necessary details but are requested *not* to make referrals until they are absolutely sure they are not dealing with police spys or true paedophiles in trouble being blackmailed by the authorities.

SICILY, ITALY Antonio was a man of 25 and his lover was fifteen-year-old boy by the name of Emilio. The parents of Emilio forbade him to see Antonio any more, whereupon the two lovers decided that life was no longer worth living. Antonio picked up his 12-year-old nephew and, with Emilio, they drove to a citrus orchard. There Antonio put a gun in the little boy's hand and demanded that he kill both him and his lover. Antonio told him that, since he was younger than 14, he could not be punished for the crime. And they gave him a choice: either he shoot them or they would shoot him. So he killed his uncle and young Emilio.

SOURCE: *Telegraaf*, 4 Nov, 1980

# THE PAEDOPHILE: Some Aspects of Personality

by Dr. Frits Bernard

*We are all too familiar with the public image of the boy-lover carefully fostered by psychiatrists, clerics, judges, policemen, feminists and newspaper reporters: he is immature; he is frightened by women or he is frightened by men; he is a crazed, aggressive sex-criminal or he is an essentially passive person (in other words, the ideal police victim). Despite all its internal contradictions the public image is very strong — and almost completely negative. Even people who think for themselves about sexual matters — paedophiles and non-paedophiles alike — often wonder how different boy-lovers really are from the average person in the country where they dwell. But rarely has a group of paedophiles unconstrained by the police or psychiatrists been actually studied by a professional researcher. This Dr. Bernard did in 1974 and in the following report he gives some clues about the personality traits of adults drawn to boys or girls.*

In 1974 the recently formed paedophile work group of the Dutch Association for Sexual Reform (NVSH) held its third international symposium in Breda, and during this meeting I did some research into the personalities of the paedophiles who attended. For this I chose the SIW Test (scale of inter-personal values) which was developed by Prof. P. J. D. Drenth and Dr. L. J. Kranendonk to measure a number of qualities in the field of social intercourse; that is, what does the individual consider important in his relationships with others, the values to which he gives priority. The SIW is based upon the SIV test of Gordon (1960).

When we know what an individual considers important we can better understand his behaviour: indeed, objectives considered important stimulate motivated behaviour.

The SIW test consists of thirty sets of three statements (triads). From each set the subject has to choose the statement that expresses what he considers most important. Thereafter he must choose which of the two remaining statements expresses what he considers to be the less important. One statement is then left. The social desirability influences are deduced by means of the constrained choice.

The SIW test measures the following:

**Need of Social Support:** Being treated with understanding, getting encouragement from other people, receiving friendship.

**Conformity:** Doing what is considered right by society, painstakingly abiding by rules or regulations, doing what is generally accepted, conforming.

**Need of Recognition:** Enjoying esteem and being admired, being considered to be important, being well known, receiving recognition.

**Independence:** Having the right to do what you want, being free to take one's own decisions, being in a position to do things one's own way.

**Benevolence:** Doing things for other people, feeling sorry for other people, helping unfortunate people, being friendly.

**Leadership:** Having leadership over other people, dominating others, holding a commanding or powerful position.

I chose this test in order to get an answer to the following questions: a) Are there significant differences between the tested group of paedophiles and other Dutchmen? b) What resemblances are there? c) What could be the cause of any significant differences and resemblances?

The test was undertaken anonymously and given in the conference room. Subjects were, however, requested to put the letter *P* on the form if they considered

themselves to be paedophile. All the 79 Dutchmen present completed the test. There appeared to be 56 paedophiles among the 79. Three of these 56 forms were discarded because they were not completed fully and the remaining 53 formed the paedophile sample used in this

study.

In the table below the average SIW scores of the paedophile sample of 53 are compared with the scores of the standard sample of 678 Dutchmen published by Drenth and Kranendonk (1973).

### SIW SCORES

Support Conformity Recognition Independence Benevolence Leadership

53 NSVH Paedophiles	19.73	9.28	8.98	22.75	18.43	10.66
678 SIW Dutchmen	15.94	11.77	6.95	22.74	18.80	13.77
Differences	3.79	-2.49	2.03	0.01	-0.37	-3.11

It can be seen from the above that no significant differences are found between the paedophiles and the SIW standard group with respect to *independence* and *benevolence*, but significant differences are found in *social support*, *conformity*, *recognition* and *leadership*.

In other words, according to these results, the paedophiles in the group tested had a greater need of being treated with understanding, they were less inclined to conform to what is generally accepted, they sought recognition more than other people and felt themselves less attracted to positions of leadership.

They were no different in their need of independence from the standard group and they were just as altruistic.

An explanation could be advanced as to why the value of *social support* should be so high among these paedophile subjects. Their lack of human acceptance in the environment in which they live and work may have created a great need to be treated with understanding. This suggestion is also supported by their high score in the *need for recognition* category.

Because of their peculiar position vis-à-vis their environment, paedophiles are

forced to set themselves independent of the norms their society takes as absolutes. This is perhaps reflected in their low *conformity* score. That this trait may be at least partly imposed by the environment is suggested by the findings here that paedophiles had no greater than average desire to isolate themselves (no significant variation in the *independence* factor).

The group tested was relatively unattracted to dominating others or to holding powerful positions.

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# MAMA SAY

by Casimir Dukahz

It was in San Antonio, Texas, that I first saw him — perhaps 12 or 13 with a 'new milk' look about him; boyishly beautiful as a Caravaggio Cupid and inflicting Instant Infatuation — just add boiling hot desire and stir briskly! I go up to him, smiling benevolently as an impotent Big Brother.

"Hello! My name's Duke — what's *your* name?"

"Grady."

"And prime Grade-A, too!" So far, so good — he's friendly, with an engaging drawl thick as sweet, warm molasses. Most young Texas boys are very polite to their elders — *if* you don't rub them the wrong way! "Where you going?"

"No place in pertickler."

"What you doin', then?"

"Jist dopin' around."

"So what say we have a nice cold Jumbo chocolate malted-milk?"

"Mama say I shouldn't drink milk 'cause it deprives some pore calf of his dinner."

"Then how about a Giant Double-Burger with all the fixings?"

"Mama say I shouldn't eat meat 'cause it angrifies the blood."

"A candy bar with lots of *nuts* — would you go for that?"

"Mama say I shouldn't eat candy 'cause it rots my teet'."

Well, at least Little Irresistible here hasn't been warned about strange men offering candy-bars and other goodies! I try a different gambit. Hey, / know what let's do! Let's you and me go to the Bijou Theater that's showing a four-hour-long horse opera where the girl falls in love with her palomino stallion and the villain and hero ride off arm-in-arm into the sunset!"

"Mama say I shouldn't go to the movies 'cause they is jist *cram-full* of barnyard sex an' vi'lence an' blood."

"So would you like to come home with me and look at Donald Duck on my new

*color* TV which is painted red, white and blue?"

"Mama say I shouldn't look at the boob-tube 'cause the radiation'll turn my brains into cornmeal-mush."

Gnashing my teeth, I realize that Mama has made a total Saint out of her son — but *boy* saints are a Crime against Nature! "My goodness,!" I exclaim, "Doesn't your *Papa* ever say anything?"

"Long ago Pappy cut out an' headed for the hills 'cause he say Mama say too god-dam *much*, but Mama say 'good riddance to bad rubbage!'"

I sigh in the depths of despair — then I recall a ploy that has worked before and might even be effective *here*. "Look, Grady, I've got a Jack-in-the-box at home which I've had since I was five years old. Would you like to play with it?"

"Oh, *yeah!*" says the boy, eyes aglow. "I always wanted stuff like that but Mama

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say toys for *boys* is silly if they ain't educashunal."

"This is educational as hell, dear lad," I say, and I expand on the theme of some things growing when they are played with.

So, hand-in-hand, we go home, Grady occasionally pausing to leap over a hydrant or a sleeping dog or a little old lady bent over tying her sneaker-laces. And we sit side-by-side on the sofa while delightfully he frolics with the toy, and after a while I slip an arm around his slim waist and whisper in his ear an unmistakable reference to his personal Jack-in-the-box and how I would like to buy from it — to the tune of five bucks or more — that which he would only lose in dreams or out of hand anyhow.

The boy frowns at me and says, "Well, I got to see what *Mama* say about that 'cause *Mama* say I'm too young to do my own thinkin' so she do it *for* me."

I have the sensation of falling into a bottomless pit but finally manage to quaver, "Oh, God, Grady, don't do *that* 'cause

mothers *never* understand the finer points of these delicate male-matters."

But the kid has already picked up the phone beside the sofa, has dialed and is blabbing his little head off, revealing all, and panic-stricken I contemplate abject flight before an outraged *Mama* arrives with the fuzz, the Texas Rangers and Anita Bryant.

The boy hangs up the phone and fearfully I stammer, "So what did your *Mama s-s-say?*"

"*Mama* say that you is very welcome to do what you wanta do 'cause you is helpin' to prevent the pop'lotion-explosion!" — and blissfully I dissolve into a puddle of anticipated ecstasy as I watch grinning Grady start stripping down for action.

*Casimir Dukahz is the well-known author of Asbestos Diary and Vice Versa, two classic comic novels about boy-love in The United States.*

# THREE POEMS

by Hakim

## SPAGYRIA PUERORUM: Seven Emblems

### 1. *Piscatus Curalio*

From the broken bridge the children are fishing — the fens and weirs hypnotized on beds of crystal — dragonflies, sunflowers, tenebrous marble of the bridge, gargoyles effaced — and their long white legs dipping into the tea-coloured water. Till one of them, with a cry of surprise, drags up on the line a tangle of coral, streaming the nacreous water of the estuary.

### 2. *Corvus*

Having a raven for a pet, sometimes they dream of bones — certainly there is something sinister about these children, but since I share it I do not see it as a fault — rather, it is a type of music, feral and nocturnal, which exalts us but frightens the old ones. Make lightning: who could sleep on such a night? The tombs are opening: resurrection, too, has its horror. Climbing the ladder of sorrows, we will take our raven with us wherever we go: it stole the moon, we know its true colours.

### 3. *Allegoria Sulpuris*

This child, with hair to the waist like a lion's mane, holds up one thin arm and taking a dagger in the other hand makes a shallow cut from the elbow up, about two

inches long, the pale blue veins suddenly giving up their cinnabar, hot and salty — and allows three drops to fall, one on each of three white roses.

### 4. *Mercurius in Vinculis*

Mercury is young yet — his winged ankles and vulnerable wrists are shackled to a broken column with thin gold links. Delightful mime, he forces up tears which fall upon the warm marble step: that which is volatile must be fixed, with theatrical sensuality, a mockery of law. Trickster, minstrel, press thorns against his legs, let him sleep melancholy till the evening bells.

### 5. *Hermaphroditus*

Both boy and girl, she is dressed in a gown of violet satin, with a flaring collar of stiff Spanish lace — her hair recapitulates the Raven, soft as anthracite in waves like the whorls of an obsidian knife — in her left ear the moon, a cuticle of silver — in her right arm the sun — and the gown open on her breasts which scarcely exist yet, and her white genitalia from which light streams, *lotium semimaris*. I have given this Emblem a chair of state, and she sprawls in it, gazing at me and thieving

*Spagyria Puerorum* means, literally, "The Alchemy of Boys". The text is inspired by European alchemical emblem books, in which each engraving is accompanied by a few words, and represents a stage of the alchemical work (See for example Count Michael D. Maier's *Atlanta Fugiens*). In this case each emblem also represents a psycho-spiritual transformation of the soul through a series of tantric meditations. *Piscatus Curalio*: fishing for coral; *Corvus*: the raven; *Allegoria Sulpuris*: an allegory of sulphur; *Mercurius in Vinculis*: Mercury in chains (Sulphur and Mercury are the two metallic principles, an occidental Yang and Yin); *Hermaphroditus*: the hermaphrodite ("*lotium semimaris*": urine of the androgyne); *Cauda Pavonis*: the peacock's tail; *Calix Cupidinis*: the goblet of Cupid (Khezr is a figure in esoteric Islamic mythology, a "hidden prophet" who dresses in green, and causes flowers to grow wherever he walks. He represents the initiative power for those seekers who have no human master).

away all my names like a snake stealing eggs.

### 6. *Cauda Pavonis*

Such brown skin is like the odour of brandy, sunned and secretive. High in a tower sits the figure of this Emblem, and the room is perforated with windows, as in the time of Bahadur Shah; cool sunlight disturbs the curtains. The hair is both hyacinthine and aureate, a prefiguration of the Stone in its seductive mode; who would be the miser of such a coinage? Around and beneath the tower, splayed out like a peacock's tail, the empire of the park with its walls and pavilions; from beside the fountain rise fumes of music, smoke and wine, particles caught in the sunlight in the mirror of nature.

### 7. *Calix Cupidinis*

Cupid descends from his vehicle, a giant green parrot, in a clearing in the jungle; wounded from his own poison, a scratch from the thorn of an arrow, only his own poison will cure him. From the plants of the clearing he macerates a pastille of herbs and aromatics, which he dissolves with wine in the cup of our Art. Some say that, understood perfectly, this vegetal Stone outranks even the embryo of metals, the phoenix of cinnabar and tears. The red and green of the Cup, the gems of summer, the poison of angels — Cupid is drunk, in a swoon of black light, concealed in the centre of a shuddering peace, in a season of flight, in the footsteps of Khezr, spouting foliage even in the dark lands near the pole.

Hakim

## ORPHEUS AT REDTOP FARM

Clear brine wind cuts across the corner room, the helium dusk will be fed on islands of stars. Three things: the sun, your impossible toy — the tiled pool — & under the distorting mirror of its sleek tur-

quoise, a furtive polytheistic embrace with the economy of your skin. Only these — light, water, flesh — can resolve all disharmony with the mirrored landscape; in these twice-born substances, in the land guarded by red Shinnecoaks, & in the heat of your hand, this forty day retreat fevers itself with paradisaal health. You are the moment of recovery from disease: the eye opening on blackberries, rosehips, bay, choke-cherries, pears, the geese and deer of the marsh, the snapping spume of crested waves: the body almost absolved of shame. Within even the stones, atoms seem to begin their jig: hold to this saving illusion as the fingers of two hands are laced in the anticipation of desire. The sun inscribes, as on silvered paper, the silhouettes of nature, the odour of your hair, summer's will & testament, patterns of light on the bottom of the pool; you dive, swimming under water towards the void of pure perception, restoring the creatures of the world to their primordial lack of sobriety.

Hakim

## DIARIO: SHINNECOCK & WICKAPOGUE

The land flattened out by mist, closed in, romanticized: fog in broken rollers — drifting through the hedge in tangible spumes — hermetically seals the sense organs in a glass bottle, cloud-etched grey from the sea — but still unbroken. Certain kinds of power build up like primitive electricity, refined by lack of food & sleep, inner humours dried out with coffee & tobacco — the sun a spectral disc beyond the uterine cumulus — and so here & there, in shops & on the street to the harbour, small boys approach, smiling & chatting, dressed only in dungarees, or selling chances in a Little League raffle. Locusts rattle & drowse, ears of corn thrust their way into August, pizzles of the sun-cur; health is a bizarre sensation: one grasps the point of these Germanic sun-&-boyhood movements — but on such a shrouded private humid day, this health

# BOOKS



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should be mixed with aimless American childhood summer play, with the wit of bicycles & swimming pools, with the erotic irony of a country fair where most of the staff is under thirteen & dressed in shorts that would make a French schoolboy blush. In this month of fasting I renounce everything which does not remind me of this power; & I discover, like the Assassins, that everything is given back to me free — a glass of wine, a fuming pipe, a motorboat excursion, a strange look from a red-haired child selling home-made ice-cream — given back by the day, which might hide any imaginable expression behind its veil of mist.

Hakim

We have, really, too few contemporary heroes. Zeus descending on a thunderbolt to clutch up to Olympus some lovely lad just won't do in the 1980s; we need someone closer to us than Socrates trying to teach decency to the young boy who would later destroy his city (See BOYCAUGHT). There is, of course, the late Michael Davidson, and in his marvellous biography, *The World, the Flesh and Myself*, he showed how a boy-lover, even in worse times than these, can live an active, useful life, commanding his fate — and loving scores of boys in an open, kindly manner. Then there is Hajo Ortel with his pioneering photography, and Angus Stewart, author of the novel *Sandel*, England's most beautiful ode to boy-love. In Holland, Brongersma, Bernard, Zwerus have patiently, in the Dutch way, nudged their society toward tolerance and understanding. For heroine we have Valida Davila of Childhood Sensuality Circle in San Diego; despite advancing years she continues her monumental work on behalf of sexual liberation for children — and stoutly refuses to join the hysterical march to the right which seems to have captured so many politicized women interested in enlarging their sexual independence.

Now suddenly events have placed a 35-year-old British teacher/journalist/press officer in the public limelight and he has taken the opportunity to write a book. Tom O'Carroll, who turned England's Paedophile Information Exchange into an up-front, campaigning organization, could have penned a pot-boiler, a bitter biography of his persecution or a cheap "confession" of all the prurience he thought about and occasionally practised, as did

PAN telephoned O'Carroll's publisher, Peter Owen, the other day and had, more or less, the following conversation:

PAN Why the high price? (£14.95 is about twice the cost of other books in the same publisher's *Contemporary Issues Series*.)

OWEN We did that on the advice of two attorneys.

PAN You were afraid of lawsuits?

OWEN We were afraid the book would get into the wrong hands.

PAN You mean children?

OWEN And men in mackintoshes.

PAN Men in *what*?

OWEN Dirty raincoats.

PAN You mean paedophiles? Are all paedophiles dirty old men in dirty old raincoats?

OWEN Some of them are. It is an academic book and we don't want it read by the wrong people.

Owen also said that their usual typesetting service had refused to set the manuscript on moral grounds and that there were many additional costs in bringing the book out. Despite the somewhat quaint conversation summarized above, Peter Owen showed real courage printing Tom C'Carroll's manuscript — and this is what we might expect from a publishing house which has challenged conventional thinking by printing such distinguished advocacy tracts as *Euthanasia and the Right to Death*, *Abortion Law Reform*, *Sexual Freedom and Venereal Disease* and *Changing Prisons*. \*

Guido Franco in France (See IN BRIEF). Instead *Paedophilia, the Radical Case* can only be described as the right book by the right man at the right time. After O'Carroll, Eglinton's heavy, pioneering but idiosyncratic *Greek Love* will be used mostly as an anthology of boy-love literature down through the ages, and Rossmann's *Sexual Experience Between Men and Boys* can, mercifully, be retired to the shelf where one keeps interesting case histories gelatinized in conventional Christian/psychiatrist cant.

**\*Reformed**

O'Carroll introduces his subject by a 15-page pocket autobiography of his psycho-sexual maturation, from Puritan repression through a thorough coming to terms with his affectional orientation. It was a long, difficult process, and at the end society thanked him for his honesty by compelling him to stand in the dock at the Old Bailey. But one has the feeling from this book, and his other writings, that O'Carroll is now essentially at ease with himself, the way he was made and his worth as a human being, something difficult enough for monogamous heterosexuals to achieve but quite exceptional for a boy-lover in a society where more pure hatred is vented against persons who see children as sexually attractive humans than against even murderers.

O'Carroll takes up one by one the major issues swirling about this phenomenon. First he makes it very clear that children are sexual beings. He shouldn't, really, have to do this — it has been nearly a century since Freud shocked European society with his theory of infant sexuality — but the myth of childhood "innocence" dies hard and it is difficult to imagine a more thorough, and entertaining, exposition of what honest psychologists, sociologists and anthropologists have discovered about the essential sexuality of the very young. He then shows how the "molester" and his "victim" (police/psychiatrist talk for paedophile and his boyfriend or girlfriend) interact with one another and society.

PAN has always maintained that the English child has far more to fear from the British police and their pet medics than from criminals. O'Carroll tells of an eleven-year-old boy, who was suspected of having had some kind of manual sex with an adult friend, being taken to a police station and given a sexual examination by a doctor which included an anal search with a rubber-gloved finger. As a psychiatrist (one of the few, evidently, who isn't so horrified by non-heterosexual expressions that his compassion is suppressed) said later, "If (the boy) hadn't been buggered by the man, he certainly had been by the doctor." We can also read of a 16-year-

old who was so brutalized by the police during a sex interrogation that he committed suicide shortly after; rather than regretting their murder, the police told one of the boy's adult lovers when they arrested him, "Your young friend has killed himself: it's probably the best thing he could have done." Such tales are hardly isolated exceptions: they come out of England with the same dreary regularity as

reports from behind the Iron Curtain of dissidents being sent away to be "retrained" or "re-educated" and thereafter never being heard from again.

The so-called "research" psychiatrists do on paedophilia, paedophiles and children involved in paedophile experiences comes in for some well-deserved criticism, especially the use of statements by paedophile prisoners as to

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their desires, motivations, etc. No incarcerated boy-lover in his right mind would tell *any* investigator that he was only attracted to kids, that he doubted anything would change his orientation or that he saw nothing wrong with mutually consensual sex with boys, yet report after report by psychiatric "experts" dogmatically states that most persons in prison for paedophile "offences" really wanted to get it off with a man or a woman but there just weren't any adults around, or the fellow lacked confidence, etc, etc. (And if they could just help the chap to "grow up" he would forget about little boys or girls and be able to be rehabilitated into society.)

In the chapter *Do Children Need Sex?* O'Carroll goes rather deeply into what people mean by the words *perversion*, "variant" and *deviant*, linked, as they are, with the concept of sexual sin. O'Carroll is no Christian and he shows great perception in detecting that whiff of incense, the shadow of the crucifix behind much modern theorizing over the origins of non-monogamous-heterosexual sex. And his

simple honesty and generous good sense come through time after time:

One further word is called for on perversion, because I do not want it to be thought that I am trying to exonerate my own particular 'perversion' at the expense of those of others. Too often in the past others have done exactly this: those homosexual men who feel at home in a lifestyle of conventional dress and social behaviour have denounced the 'screaming queens' — the flamboyant, painted ones — who give them 'a bad name'; heterosexual transvestites likewise tend to 'put down' gays; gays, generally, protest that they are not child molesters, and denounce paedophilia. All sexual minorities, in seeking the esteem of the majority, point the finger at the others. It is tempting for us paedophiles to do the same.

One crucial issue a paedophile faces in explaining our case to conventional straights is the relationship between a child's need to grow up with sufficient freedom to be at ease with his nature and the necessity for adults to 'socialize' him so that he and his human environment will be able to interact through the rest of his life in some sort of mutually satisfactory manner. O'Carroll's treatment is thorough but doesn't break much new ground, but in the following section on 'consent' and 'willingness' he painstakingly shows these issues, as applied to children and sex, to be the red herrings they are. How very odd that people make such a fuss over whether a child can 'really' consent to a harmless, pleasurable act like sex which he clearly desires and never raise the same question about forcing a child to go to school, go to church, go to bed before he is tired or submit to a caning!

Equally specious is the common argument against paedophile relationships because of "inequality of power" — something very much on the minds of feminists and lesbians these days, as we cannot help being aware. Even boy-lovers themselves sometimes attack PIE and O'Carroll on this point, especially those who see the only solution to discrimina-



tion against sexual minorities in the complete dismantling of our social and political system. (What they would erect in its place is left delightfully vague — our feeling at PAN is that any sort of total government in a society with strong Christian roots will gravitate toward using *even more* sexual repression than we have now in order to maintain social control.) Once again O'Carroll's wit and good sense dissect this argument: of course the adult has some powers over the kid, of course there is *potential* for abuse by the adult in any relationship, but the reverse occurs surprisingly often, and he gives the delightful example of a group of tough little street urchins victimizing a well-intentioned paedophile until finally he had to terminate the relationships. And when it comes to sheer, unvarnished blackmail, who, thanks to our laws, really has the upper hand, man or boy?

The other issue the feminists and lesbians are hitting us over the head with these days is that of 'pornography'. Even heterosexuals are getting tired of hearing that porn is just a tool men use to maintain their phallocratic ascendancy. These ardent ladies steadfastly refuse to recognize that porn is mostly used by men and boys (and women and girls) to make masturbation a little more pleasurable in the absence, for one reason or another, of the real thing. O'Carroll points out that for the very young and inexperienced in a repressive society porn is as close to reality as they can get — and it thus gives them better sexual information than the average "sex education" class with all its discussion of reproduction and morality which may be interesting enough to some children but is essentially irrelevant to what they are feeling and experiencing in their own bodies. The older arguments,

Reviews of *Paedophilia, the Radical Case* vary from the appreciative to the absurd, and both are to be seen in a recent issue of London's *Gay News*, No. 202, where Ken Plummer's perceptive comments and criticisms are followed by a stock feminist diatribe by one Michèle Roberts whose sole effort seems to have been counting the number of references to little girls vs. little boys and beating the author over the head with his failure to write a book about the miseries of a girl growing up in our phallocratic society. More interesting than either, however, was a long interview with O'Carroll in the following issue.

For the most part the straight press has ignored *Paedophilia, the Radical Case*. One exception was *The Scotsman*, which, in its 16 October issue, printed a thoughtful and dispassionate review by one John Bancroft. Bancroft would have us believe he deeply regrets the violent hatred paedophilia arouses in non-paedophiles. But he feels that O'Carroll's case results in "ultimate failure", and for several

interesting reasons. First, he believes that "children need time to incorporate sexuality into their relationships" and an adult cannot interfere with this process: despite talk about "children's rights" the paedophile suppresses one of a child's most fundamental rights, "to be a child". Second, he takes O'Carroll to task for "putting a large measure of responsibility for sexual involvement with the child." Finally the paedophile betrays the child by being "sexually attracted not to the person but to the child. When the child disappears into adulthood, or even adolescence, the sexual attraction will be gone while the person remains." These arguments, of course, show a sad lack of knowledge about real paedophile contacts and relationships, and perhaps O'Carroll was remiss in not dealing more specifically with this painful problem of a loved one's ageing out of attractiveness to his adult lover. But at least Bancroft has opened up subjects for discussion far in advance of the law, the police, the feminists or garden variety psychiatrists.

which predate the concerns of the feminists — that porn leads to perversion and thus to crime — are also dealt with. O'Carroll doesn't mention, however, that most children who pose for porn movies or porn photos do so, if they trust the photographer, with great delight; and seldom, if ever, are these photos and films used in such a way as to embarrass the subjects — unless, of course, some policeman gets hold of them, in which case their potential for hurting kids is as limitless as the insensitivity of a cop's mind.

The book ends with a sad recounting of the way in which the British gutter press (How a nation which considers itself civilized can allow papers like *The News of the World* to exist boggles the non-British mind!) coerced Scotland Yard and finally the Conservative Party into destroying the lives and careers of the men who directed Paedophile Information Exchange and brought them before the criminal courts for "conspiracy to corrupt public morals". When this affair is finally put to rest, whether or not O'Carroll and his col-

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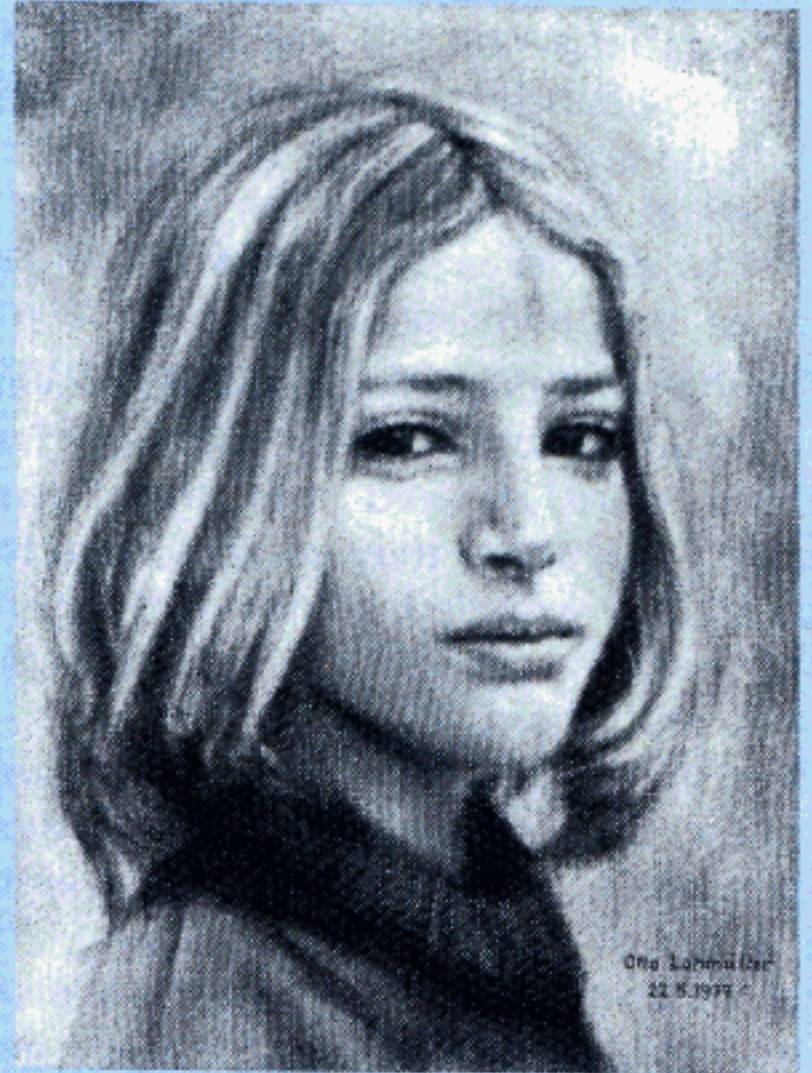
leagues go to prison, it will certainly go down as one of the most disgraceful chapters of British history, a type example of intolerance and injustice, of educated people in power submitting to the hysterical demands of the lowest element of English society.

Tom O'Carroll is an intelligent, brave and gifted man who has written an intelligent, honest and entertaining book for which the whole English-speaking world must remain forever in debt. Despite the title, it is not so radical a book after all. He doesn't call for gigantic social changes, just the application of honesty and good sense to our sexual lives and the lives of others — and a little less violence against those who express their sexuality in ways different from one's own.

*Paedophilia, the Radical Case*, by Tom O'Carroll Peter Owen, London, 1980, 280 pages. £14.95.

Honest novels about man-boy relationships are very rare in the English-speaking world and so it is especially fortunate that Wallace Hamilton's *Kevin*, is out and receiving serious attention both in the gay press and even such "alternative" publications as *Village Voice*. It concerns a boy of 15 living with alcoholic parents who is introduced into hustling by his 13-year-old brother and, through it, meets a sympathetic man. Slowly they grow to love one another very deeply and as a result Kevin is saved from the despair and oblivion which otherwise would have been his fate. It is a good novel but by no means a memorable one. The gang of glue-sniffing, sadistic little predatory prostitutes is realistically enough portrayed, but the ending is pat, depending, as it does, upon the boosy mother turning over guardianship of her son to a man she had never met. The sex, although not avoided, is played down, perhaps in hopes of not embarrassing a potential straight readership. One special aspect of the book is that the boy himself is definitely gay, and was gay long before the relationship

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started. Thus it does not address the problem which is of greater concern to society: boys who *aren't* gay having pleasurable sexual encounters with adult men. But this is not to belittle the author or St. Martin's Press, which must have run great risks bringing out such a novel at this time in The United States. Above all, *Kevin* is a good read for boy-lovers; straights who tackle it will at least have their prejudices challenged by a very human and, for the most part, realistic portrait of a man-boy relationship where all goes well for both parties.

*Kevin*, by Wallace Hamilton. St. Martin's Press, New York, hardbound, 209 pages, \$10.95.

Germany has recently seen the appearance of a most important book about puberty rites by the well known ethnologist-sociologist Dr. Gisela Bleibtreu-Ehrenberg. In *Coming of Age Rites: Institutionalized Paedophilia Among the Papuans and Melanesians* the author analyses this phenomenon in depth from several different points of view. Her research carries her far back into history and into the comparison of different cultures. Her discoveries are important in our society, too, as people try to come to terms with this phenomenon of paedophilia.

Last year the same author, writing under the name of Gisela Ehrenberg, published a long psychological novel called *Germany's Hope*, about a paedophile relationship during the Nazi era. Let us hope that both books will soon appear in English translations.

— Dr. Frits Bernard

*Mannbarkeitsriten: Zur institutionellen Päderastie bei Papuas und Melanesiern. (Coming of age rites: Institutionalized Paedophilia Among the Papuans and Melanesians) by Dr. Gisela Bleibtreu-Ehrenberg. Ullstein, Frankfurt/Berlin/Vienna 1980. Deutschlands Hoffnung (Germany's Hope), by Gisela Ehrenberg. Steinhausen, München 1979.*

# BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Old Athens, city of famous boy-lovers and beautiful boys! Only married, free citizens were allowed into the "gymnasium," but there they could admire the boys as they wrestled, shining with oil and stark naked; there they could make friends with them.

Even in this time and culture, there was no boy like Alcibiades. His modern biographer, E. F. Benson writes (not without a bit of Anglo-Saxon prudery), "In order to understand Alcibiades we must try to realize, not by the standards and decencies of our own day but by those of Athens, on what amazing and incredible pinnacle he found himself when he came to the age of sixteen or thereabouts. To put it quite bluntly, the whole town was in love with him. Never had even Athens seen a boy of such amazing beauty. He had wit and charm, high breeding (for all his escapades) and wealth, and Athens was mad about him, and did her utmost, with conspicuous success, to spoil him. In the city of the maiden-goddess every good-looking youth had a man who was in love with him (indeed it was a reproach to him if he had not), and Alcibiades had lovers by the score." (p. 59)

It made him insolent. Once — he may have been thirteen or fourteen — he met in the street a certain Hipponicus, who was not only highly respected but the richest man in Athens as well. Alcibiades smacked him in the face, just to see what would happen. The next day, however, he turned on his charm, went of his own accord to Hipponicus's home, stripped off his tunic and, quite naked, invited Hipponicus to give him a sound flogging. Hipponicus didn't flog him, however: he forgave...

Many of the young beauties of Athens crowded around the philosopher Socrates, and Alcibiades was amongst them. Socrates was as poor, shabby and ugly as he was wise, but he was in no way an ascetic man. At parties he used to drink twice as much as the other guests and he made no secret of his passion for beautiful boys. In battle he had proved himself a soldier of exceptional courage.

Socrates did his utmost to be a good pedagogical influence on Alcibiades but he didn't succeed. A precocious boy, Alcibiades was quite unused to restraining his sexual impulses. Later his incessant whoring drove his young wife to sue him for divorce. Socrates seems to have been the only man who, occasionally, made him feel ashamed of himself — and Alcibiades both loved and hated him for this.

Plato, in the *Symposium*, tells how Alcibiades, as a boy, tried one night to seduce his master. It was Alcibiades's habit to use his splendid body and sexual techniques to drive men mad with desire, and so bend them to his will: he ruled by his beauty and his charm. But on Socrates he used all his tricks in vain, and an astonished and \*awe-struck Alcibiades related afterwards how the great teacher had slept the whole night at his side without touching him. Like a brother.

Alcibiades's good fortune began to run out many years later with the famous incident of the smashed statues. Hermes columns were abundant in every city of that time. Benson describes them as "busts, bearded or youthful, with the head and shoulders made in a piece with the pedestal on which they stood, armless, legless and bodiless," but half way down the square column the sex organs were to

be found, the penis usually in erection. These representations of the god were supposed to safeguard public buildings and private dwellings; the erect penis was thought to drive away bad thoughts and bad spirits. Often, too, they served as road signs, the erection pointing toward bath houses or other places where sex orgies were common.

One night a gang of drunken youths went around Athens and mutilated the Hermes columns by taking up sticks and smashing off the penises. Athens, in the midst of war with Sparta, was about to launch its ill-fated expedition to Sicily and the people felt that this outrageous sacrilege presaged death and disaster. Alcibiades and his friends, probably unjustly, were suspected of the crime. However, it was some time before he was officially accused, and by then he had sailed with the Athenian fleet. When he finally received the message that he was to return to Athens and stand trial he deserted to the enemy. And there, in Sparta, using his charm and political talents to earn him popularity and influence in state affairs, he was able to engineer one of the worst military defeats Athens ever sustained in her history.

Ultimately the tide turned against him in Sparta, too, and once again he betrayed his friends and returned to Athens. There, incredibly, all accusations of complicity in the Hermes sacrilege were dropped, and he wasn't even prosecuted for desertion and treason. That he was welcomed as a beloved exile returning home and once again acclaimed as a popular hero shows his immense political ability and talent for diplomacy.

Athens suffered enormously at his hands, and many people reproached Socrates for not having given better guidance to his brilliant but unruly student, who could have been one of the city's greatest assets. Socrates replied that he had had access to only one part of Alcibiades's body — his ears — while his disreputable friends had had access not just to his ears but to his mouth and his sex as well.

Perhaps it would have been better for Alcibiades, for Athens, and for Socrates,

too, if the great philosopher had been a little less chaste in his dealings with Alcibiades, had given in to the boy's desire to share with him the joyful discoveries of his maturing sex. For no man has a more profound and lasting influence upon a boy — for good or evil — than the adult who shows him his affection and tenderness not just in words but, at an age when the boy's body is so all-important to him, expresses his love and respect in the lust of sexual union too.

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# THE BATTLE LINE



There's big money in America in attacking paedophilia, as swindler Judianne Densen-Gerber has proved. Now the moms are getting into the act. First shot was fired last August in Mount Clemens, Michigan, when the mothers of two eleven-year-old boys filed suit against the Big Brothers-Big Sisters organization (which matches single-parent children with adults willing to take on parental roles). The moms say both their boys now suffer from nightmares and embarrassment and are afraid of men because of sexual incidents which are supposed to have taken place at a Big Brother outing two years ago. The moms want \$10,000 from one of the volunteers — and \$3 million from Big Brothers-Big Sisters!

By these lights a certain Narberth, Pennsylvania, mom, also unidentified by the press, is being positively generous: last September she brought suit against the Hershey Motor Lodge and Convention Center and is asking only \$20,000 in damages for "severe psychological and emotional injuries" (including "chronic post-traumatic stress disorder and an anxiety phobic neurosis") allegedly suffered by her eleven-year-old son after a supposed sexual contact with one of its employees.

But the biggest winner, if the plaintiffs in these suits are successful, will be Mom Margaret Schultz of Emerson, New Jersey who, broken with grief over the suicide of her 12-year-old son Christopher and claiming that "their family life has been destroyed", is demanding a cool \$10 million from the Franciscan Brothers and the Boy Scouts of America.

Two years ago, it is charged, when Christopher was eleven, he went on a Boy

Scout outing supervised by a certain Robert Coakley, known at the time as "Brother Edmund". There Coakley engaged him in a number of sexual acts; back home in the Emerson Friary, Coakley had Christopher tie him up and beat him with a rope. Soon, according to the parents, Christopher began to show signs of mental anguish and was committed to a Catholic hospital for psychiatric treatment, where, last May 29, he committed suicide.

Nothing, of course, can bring Christopher back, but \$5 million (assuming the usual 50-50 split of the loot with attorney David Jaroslawicz) could dry a lot of tears. And what are a few nightmares when you might cry all the way to the Mt. Clemens bank with \$1.5 million? Forgive our scepticism, but we just don't believe these four moms, that they really loved their sons and stood by them with human and enlightened concern. If there is any fundamental rule in non-violent sexual contacts between kids and adults it is that the child *never* suffers any lasting emotional trauma from the sex itself, even when the acts are experienced as rather distasteful; if the child comes to grief it is through some stupid reaction or attitude on the part of the important people about him.

The upshot of these lawsuits, if successful, will be that money will be milked from service organizations dedicated to making life more full for kids — and thousands of mendacious moms in America will begin to wonder just how much a simulated nightmare might be worth...and how they might stake out little Billy to catch the eye of a passing paedophile volunteer.

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